

The World.

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IN SILENCE AND IN SECRET.

The names of the men who have contributed to the Republican campaign fund will not be known until after election, if at all. That will be too late except for future guidance. The votes will have been cast and counted with the people no wiser on the subject of the Republican party's financial obligations than they were in 1904 or 1900.

Publicity in the matter of campaign contributions has been made necessary by the sordid practices of the Republican party. Some of its members have sold legislation for money. They have fried the fat out of interests which it has favored. They boldly blackmailed the great exploiters, the monopolists and the tariff beneficiaries for years, and they are believed to have pursued the same policy in this contest more adroitly. The Republican party has refused to provide by law for publicity. It has resolutely declined to volunteer the information, as the Democrats have done. Its campaign fund is a secret. There is secrecy as to the names of the donors. There is secrecy as to their motives. So far as the Republican party is concerned all the agitation growing out of the shocking scandals of Hanna and Cortelyou and Harriman has produced no effect whatever. It stands pat.

The evils embedded in these practices lie at the very root of the injustice, corruption and favoritism which are complained of at Washington. There can be and there will be no cure for these wrongs except through publicity—genuine publicity and timely publicity. To accomplish this it probably will become necessary to defeat the Republican party, for it has existed so long upon the spoils gathered by its bucksters that it is incapable of applying the only sovereign remedy.

HIS PROSPECTIVE ROYAL HIGHNESS.

It is plain enough that the international wedding which is now attracting almost as much attention as the Balkan embroglio or the American election is held up on account of Steve Elkins. To have everything as it should be Steve must be made a prince or a duke, or at least a count. If there is anybody in the United States who would make a first-class corn-fed prince or duke it is Steve. He is of an excellent lineage in that he is not more than one or two generations removed from the shirt-sleeve aristocracy, and, what is more, he is proud of it. He has had great political experience, and so far as money is concerned he can make some of the crowned heads of Europe look like cheap imitations of the real thing.

Why should not Steve be a prince without delay? There appears to be no good reason except that His Prospective Royal Highness is just now engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the fierce Democracy of West Virginia, and a coronet would not only interfere with his fighting capacity but it would probably cost his party enough votes to decide the election against him. That's why. Being a good Republican, Steve does not believe in publicity until after election, when he will think about it.

EXCESS OF HOSPITALITY.

The few American sailors who were neither present nor accounted for when the battleship fleet sailed from Japan were rounded up the next day and, duly identified and tagged, were placed on board the gunboat Yankton, which on this cruise acts in the dual capacity of a rear guard and a water wagon. To the credit of the blue-jackets it must be said that there was not a single case of desertion at Tokio or Yokohama. It is written large on the records of the navy that "all those who failed to report when their ships sailed were simply suffering from excess of hospitality."

Overindulgence is a fearful thing, but if the American sailor who used to eat tobacco, drink grog and wade barefooted on decks made slippery with the gore of his comrades as well as of his enemies never suffers from anything worse than an excess of hospitality he will answer the purpose pretty well. It would be interesting to know the real meaning in English of the Japanese term for Jack Tar's honorable relaxation under these circumstances.

CANNON AS A SCAPEGOAT.

Probably Speaker Cannon will never be able to explain the matter to his satisfaction, but it is a fact that when it is announced that he will speak in any locality a considerable number of excellent Republicans enter a protest and threaten a revolt. There is no denying the fact that Cannon is unpopular, and yet wherein does he differ from other eminent Republicans who are still in the odor of sanctity? The President is Cannon's very dear friend. Sherman, Republican candidate for Vice-President, is Cannon's loyal aid in the House. Practically every conspicuous Republican is Cannon's admirer and supporter.

If objection be made to Cannon's practices as Speaker, to his arbitrary ways, his lack of sympathy with the people and his subservience to selfish interests, it must be said in truth that the Republican party has made these methods its own and that Cannon is only executing its will. Cannon is a typical party man in most things. But he swears a good deal and he never snivels. Are these the offenses that are bringing him to judgment?

Letters From the People.

Customs Here and Abroad.

Why, in this country, when a woman goes to buy beer for the family must she stand at the "family entrance" door? In France any one can go to the counter of a liquor store and get a bottle of wine. No one finds fault. In England any one can go to the bar and get "half and half." Nobody finds fault. Who can explain this? T. R.

Suggests "Identifying" Plan.

To the Editor of the Evening World: Having read of the "personal identification" law for the army, I suggest an improved idea for future elections. Why not have each man's photo taken as he registers, and have his name and reg-

istration number stamped or written thereon? The photo can be snapped while the questions are being asked, and developed later. On election day the photos could be produced, his making it easy to identify the voters. It need be all photos could be compared to the election, thus giving no opportunity for "bribe-taking." A photo of a man's face, taken as he registers, would be a sure way to identify him. To expose the names of some persons, all photos should be developed after the election. J. H. B.

Custom House, City.
To the Editor of the Evening World: To what source shall I apply for information concerning civil service examinations for post office positions? W. E. S.

Still Spouting.

By Maurice Ketten.



Mr. Jarr Undertakes to Show His Wife How to Do Her Own Work, and His Experiences Form a Terrible Warning to All Husbands

By Roy L. McCardell.



ROY L. MCCARDELL.

"How're you feeling, old lady?" asked Mr. Jarr, as he came in.
"Well, I don't want to complain, but I certainly am tired," said Mrs. Jarr.
"The trouble with you women is that you don't get enough exercise," ventured Mr. Jarr.
"Exercise?" repeated Mrs. Jarr. "I get too much exercise. That's why I am worn out. After you had your breakfast and went downtown I had to clear up the dining room, make the beds, pick up things after you, get your soiled collars and shirts ready for the laundry, send out the children's shoes to be half-soled, swept and dusted all the rooms."

"What was the girl doing all that time? What do you pay her for?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"She was stuck in the kitchen washing a few dishes," replied Mrs. Jarr, "and it would be enough to break your heart to see the condition she keeps the sink in; and if we have company I'm afraid to put a glass before them, and yet I give her glass towels, and beg her to keep everything nice. But if you say a word to girls they up and leave you!"

"Oh, I suppose you get exercise of that kind enough," said Mr. Jarr, hedging, "but you don't get exercise enough in the open air. You should take a walk in the park every day."

"So I should," said Mrs. Jarr, "but what time do I have to do it in? After I get the children off to school and see if little Emma's hair is brushed and that she has a fresh ribbon on it, and look at Willie's nails and see if he has buttons on his blouse and mend his hose-supporters and see that both children have their books and pencils and tablets, and then get their lunchbox ready for when they come home from school and mend the clothes they have been wearing and let the tucks out of Emma's dresses—I never saw a child grow so, she wears two sizes over her age—and get the house straightened up; then it's time to get supper and be ready for your coming home to tell me that the trouble with me is that I don't get exercise enough!"

"Oh, well," reasoned Mr. Jarr, "it's all over now. The day's work is done

and you can have a rest."

"Oh, I can, can I?" retorted Mrs. Jarr. "The day's work is over for you and you can have a rest, but it's not over for me by a good deal. This is the girls' evening out and I'll have all the supper things to clear away, and it's bath night for the children and I'll have to bathe them and—"

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," said Mr. Jarr, interrupting the recital of her unending labors. "You sit down and take a rest after supper and I'll do all those things and show you how easy it is. The trouble with you women is that you fret too much about what you have to do. It's fretting over it and thinking over it and worrying over it that makes it doubly hard. Now, men do not fret and worry over their work."

"That's because there is a beginning and an end to it, but a woman's work is never done, and if she wants to fret, let her; that's the only comfort she gets!" replied Mrs. Jarr.

However, Mrs. Jarr sat in state after supper and Mr. Jarr cleared away and washed the dishes. He scalded his thumb and he broke two cups and the best meat dish, and let the sink clog up and the water run over the floor, but got along with fairly good success otherwise, except he forgot to use the crumple brush and had to sweep the dining room rug again, and stepped in a saucer of milk put down for the cat. He got along fairly well until it was time to bathe the children.

Mrs. Jarr listened to the sounds of the fray from the bath room.
"Now, Willie, stop splashing!" she heard Mr. Jarr say. "If I have to tell you again I'll spank you. Look out, Emma! You have gotten your nightgown all wet and you'll have to ask your mother for another one. No, I am not getting soap in your eyes. That's right, haw! A big boy like you! Shame on you! Be careful, or you'll slip—there you go! And now you have me wet as a rat. I never saw such children! No, it isn't a bit funny, Emma, you have NOT dried your hair. Do you want to get a cold? Crying won't do any good. There, I saw you pinch your brother! I don't care if he did slip you. Yes, I can hold my head under water for an hour. No, I can't! Why do you ask such ridiculous questions? Pick up that soap! It's all wasting away in the bathtub. Now get to bed and don't let me hear a word out of either one of you!"

He came out of the bathroom wet with soapy water and perspiration.
"Phew!" he said, as he rolled down his sleeves. "Maybe you are right! Still," he added, "you couldn't come down to the office and do my work."

But Mrs. Jarr only gave him the laugh.

The Wisdom of Youth

By J. K. Bryans



"Boo-hoo! Johnny Jones has got de measles, an' can't come out."
"Ah! And you miss your dear little playmate?"
"Yus'm, he's de only kid in de town dat I kin lick—boo-hoo-oo!"

Kid—Say, mister, got change fer five dollars?
Kind Gentleman—Yes, my boy; here it is.
Kid—Thanks, boss; I just wanted to see it. I'd kinder got to thinkin' dere wasn't dat much money in circulation!

Constancy in Love MAY BE OVERDONE

By Helen Oldfield.



It is an old and true saying that a virtue carried to excess may become a vice. Of none is this truer than of constancy in love. Lauded of poets and romancers since poetry and romance were, admirable beyond praise in its proper place, there are times when it neither is desired nor desirable. When love is not reciprocated constancy is foolish, and when the beloved is married to another, so far from being commendable, it becomes highly reprehensible.

Comparatively few people marry their first loves. No statistics upon the subject are available; neither indeed can any be compiled, since it always is the love of the hour, the last love, which is the genuine thing. Still, in so far as experience and observation can be depended upon, there is fairly good evidence that the average man is in love with at least three or four, sometimes with half a dozen, girls before he finally marries, writes Helen Oldfield in the Chicago Tribune.

A passing attraction to a pleasing personality, a warm admiration for brave deeds or clever words, a fleeting fancy for something novel and striking, all these may be mistaken for true love, and those who, on the spur of the moment, rush into matrimony have life-long leisure for repentance. There is no reason whatever why a second love should not be to the full as sincere as the first, even though that has been genuine.

St. Paul bade the Hebrews to be content with such things as they had; which after all is the true philosophy of life. He who shuts his eyes to the electric light blazing overhead and in darkness weeps for the moon is neither more or less than a fool, while the man who has but a penny candle has cause to be thankful that he does not sit in total darkness. When one cannot have exactly what one wants it is the part of wisdom to take what one can get and make the best of it. It usually will be found that the best is better far than at first seemed possible. Most tastes in life are acquired, and vain longings are sure to sap hope, strength and courage.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon.

(Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.)

Translated by Helen Rowland.



O H, my Daughter, marvel not that a married man taketh a keener interest in his flirtations than a single man. For it is only those things which he ought not to do which tempt a man—even forbidden fruit.

And the knowledge that he hath a perfect right to make love to a woman taketh the edge off the game.

For no man discovereth how attractive women are in general until he hath tied himself to one woman in particular. And a girl from whom a man would flee in his bachelor days, unto her will he succumb after marriage as the tickle to the fire or the violet to the sun.

Yea, a single man may be trusted to the uttermost parts of the earth, but a husband with a grievance is as tow in search of the fire, and may not be trusted a quarter of an inch.

And what married man thinketh not that he hath a grievance against his wife, if it be only that she hath married him and robbed him of his freedom?

For a man is like unto the family cat; he accepteth without comment his three meals per day, but he never loseth his longing to prow abroad nights, and thou canst not tell at what moment he may hearken to the call of the wild.

Yea, is it not just when thou thinkest it safe to go upon a long vacation, even to see thy mother, that thou comest suddenly upon a pink note or a violet slipper in his valise?

Verily when matrimony seemeth to be running along on oiled wheels, it is then that thou hearest a creak, and a spoke falleth out. Selah!

"Mr. Doolley" on Happiness.

By P. Finley Dunne.

WELL, sir, 'tis a terrible problem this here wiv human unhappiness. If Teddy Roosevelt finds out th' causes iv it he'll be th' gr-greatest man since Moses. Some folks say th' only way to be happy is to wurk. Maybe that accounts for th' unhappiness among th' farmers," says Mr. Doolley in the American Magazine. "Perhaps they wud be merrier if some imployment cud be found for 'em, preferably in th' open air. Some say th' mother; they're poor. Some say th' simple poverty; they're rich. Hogan say th' human society; which accounts for th' happiness that prevails in all large cities. Some say selfishness will make ye happy. I've tried it. It didn't cure me. Other people say onselfishness; but that's no more thin to say that ye can only be happy be givin' up something that wud make ye happy. Th' nearest ye get to happiness is in wantin' something badly an' thinkin' ye have a chance to get it an' not gettin' it. If ye get it ye'll be unhappy. Whin ye have ivrythin in th' wurld that we want th' family will do to watch ye whin ye pick up a razor."

The Mexicans and Their Baskets.

By Eleanor Hope Johnson.

P ERHAPS the most curious use to which Mexicans put their baskets is to hold gamecocks. Sometimes the cock's basket is woven for the purpose, often it is made from a sombrero, the wide, high-crowned, straw hat of the country, into which the bird is put, a hole cut in the crown to give him air, and the brim carefully tied down that he may not escape. The bull fight has been called the national sport of Mexico, but cock fighting is much more universal; for the humblest peasant may have his gamecock, which he keeps in a carefully made cage in his patio, watches with pride and tends with care.

One of the strangest uses to which a basket has probably ever been put was the daily appearance in the streets of a young man carrying in a huge bushel basket on his shoulders his great-grandmother, of unknown age, who held out a skinny hand to the passerby for the centavo which was almost unobtainably given. Surely a trust in Providence could go no further.—Luring Magazine.

A Coffin of Match Boxes.

F OR the last ten years William Biddulph Cross, of Crook street, Chester, England, who died recently, was engaged in the construction of his own coffin, made of empty match boxes. It is of the ordinary shape, and much patience and skill have been bestowed on it, says London Titbits. There is, of course, an inner shell of wood, onto which the match boxes are glued, and as there are some 500 match boxes on the lid alone, the total on the coffin must run into several thousands.

Cos Cob Nature Notes.

P EOPLE from New York and other adjacent towns often ask us if we do not have a great deal of trouble getting home on Mr. Mellen's railroad. We answer not very much. When Mr. Mellen's railroad goes it goes like a star, and stops the same way. But we commuters never have to get out and push the cars up the Sparkill grade the way Portmonsters and Nyackers have to do, while as for the Deandoubtlers, why Mr. Truesdale lives in Cos Cob instead of Summit, where he could dwell but for travelling on his own R. R.

The leaves are nearly off the trees. Some of our foolish neighbors rake them into heaps and burn them, but the wise ones pile them up on their garden patches to turn into humus to nourish next year's crop of sass.

In addition to its other valuable possessions Cos Cob now has a Lodge of Socialists. Its number on the roll is 48. Privately we think the Socialists are wasting their time in our midst. They probably don't know that we are all Socialists already. That is, we all loaf as much as possible and avoid work all we know how. This is the ideal state of Human Happiness and comes easy when the fishing is good or when clams and oysters are plenty. Only the latter have to be fished for. In Horseneck, where our rulers reside, Socialism has been the rule for years. Everybody goes to the Town Hall and helps themselves. For proof see the last town report.

Roses are blooming in some of our flower gardens and many geraniums and nasturtiums have survived the frosts.

Two large and portly men spent a few minutes each in the neighboring village of Portchester Monday afternoon telling the citizens what had best be done for them. The largest one, a Mr. Taft, from Cincinnati, Ohio, spoke from a platform built into the Porte Cochere of Mr. Mellen's depot, while the smaller stout gentleman, a Mr. Bryan, from some little place out in Nebraska, had to stou a hall to tell us what is good for us. We understand both of the speakers are running for President instead of our neighbor Theodore Roosevelt, over at Oyster Bay, who intends to give up the job and go to Africa and catch a lion. Each of the stout gentlemen gave a good show, although not as interesting as the Danbury fair.